

were left smouldering among the trees, men who knew the woods best resolved to search, but the budding April forest had its own secrets.

When Mrs. Harris started with her baby in her arms from Mrs. Green's expecting momentarily to meet her husband, she went on carelessly, her attention being directed in part to her child, and suddenly looking up, she discovered no white scars of the axe on any tree in sight. But she fancied she had only stepped out of the track, and might in a moment regain it. A vain fancy! She went on, but nothing familiar met her eyes.

The night came on. The little birds went to rest, and the owls commenced a doleful hooting. She was alone with her infant in the great sea of forests where never woodman's axe had echoed. She was lost. She sat down, faint and tired, and woman-like began to cry. Hark! That was certainly a human shout. She arose, and holding her course, ran breathless toward it. And now she thought she heard it again, farther off. Many hours in the night were spent in rushing, with hysterical sobs and palpitating heart, towards the voices of her friends, so near that she could hear them, but so far that no effort of strength could enable her to reach their protecting presence.

What a pity it was! Towards morning she slept, leaning against a tree, with the baby on her back. But she had started nervously in her dreams, and at the first bird-song awoke to full consciousness. With daylight came a renewal of her courage. She would not weakly give up to die. Her friends would certainly find her to-day, or she would find them. She saw near her some last year's berries and tough leaves of wintergreen and a few acorns. A poor breakfast, but she ate whatever she could find, for the sake of her child more than her own. This day also she ran wildly through the tangle of deadbrakes and briars, growing from the decay of centuries, over gullies and jagged rocks, past rude branches that caught at and rent her dress, till she came to the dying embers of a fire. Here she fingered long. Her friends had been here; perhaps Robert had kindled this fire with his own hands, and for her. Hark, again! The search has commenced this morning. Echoing through the woods came the prolonged shriek of the dinner horn. She calls with all the desperation of one drowning; she rushes forward, but the ground is rough, and, alas! how heavy the baby grows! She is giddy with the loss of sleep and the want of food. The baby moans, and will not be comforted. In this way passes the day and another dreadful night. She finds another fire, she stays by it, and keeps it burning through the night, for she is afraid of wolves. Another morning and she is almost hopeless. Oh, will not heaven pity her? The little one grows weaker; he cannot hold up his head. Another terrible night; he moans piteously; he falls into convulsions; the next day he dies. All day she carries the little lifeless body in her arms, and all night, beneath the un pitying stars, she holds it to her bosom.

She carried the little dead burden day after day, until the purple line of decay was settling rapidly over it, and she felt, with a pang at her heart, that she must bury it. Then she looked about for a spot where she might dig the tiny grave, so deep that the wildcat and the wolf might not scent it out. Weak as she was, this was no easy task, but in her wanderings she came upon a giant tree, upturned at some former time by a hurricane. In the soft earth where the roots had lain she scooped out the baby's resting place, and making it soft with moss, covered the cold little form forever from her sight. Then she sat down by the grave in a stupor of grief. Hour after hour passed, how many she knew not, when she arose to her feet to commence the pilgrimage. Then she noted every thing about the spot. Here was a rock, there stood an immense hemlock. Yes, she would know the place. She could find it easily with Robert. Then began again the struggle through the wilderness.

Day after day, week after week, she passed on. Her shoes were worn to fragments and fell from her feet. Her garments were torn to tatters. But the days grew warmer, and the fever that was burning in her veins made even the soft showers that fell upon her, welcome. First she ate the buds of trees and the bark of birch; presently she began to find the young checkerberry leaves, and now and then she came upon the partridge's nest, and greedily sucked the eggs. After a time there were raspberries and black thimbleberries in the woods, and then she knew it was July. The trees had now put on afresh their beautiful garments. But for the delicious poetry that one finds in the woods, sauntering out from the busy life for an hour, she cared nothing. She saw nothing but trees, trees, in interminable succession. It seemed years, yes, ages ago, that she swept the hearth with a birch broom, and sung the baby to sleep, in Robert's cabin. Her mind grew bewildered; still she went on, on, on. When she came to a large stream she went up toward its source till she could wade across. So she said, and affirmed that she never crossed a stream wider than a brook. She paid no attention to sun or moon as a guide or indication of the points of the compass, but she must have taken a northwesterly direction. There was Black, Mill, Otta Queechee, White, Walis, and Wells Rivers, flowing into the Connecticut from the Vermont side; but she constantly asserted that she saw none of them. Through July and August there were berries of various kinds, and by means of these she sustained what little life was left her.

And now the maple began to take on the gorgeous crimson, and the silver birches to wear the pale gold of September; the birds were leaving the forest. Occasionally she had glimpses of brindle fur among the branches, or a black bear turned out of the path, afraid of the human form; but no human being did she ever meet and long before human voices had ceased to call her name.

Was she alone on the earth, and was the earth one vast wilderness without outlet, without clearing or settlement? Had God taken all life but that of the brutes, and forgotten her, or ordained her to wander forever. Tramping, tramping, with her feet bleeding and cracked at first, and afterwards caloused; naked, or nearly so, knowing nothing of time or place, she was fast becoming idiotic. When she was hungry she sought for food, but the great idea lingering in her mind was that of

pressing on. Since the luxuriance of summer had filled the forest with ferns and a new growth of briar and underbrush, there was more trouble in passing through. But she had become quite accustomed to the rough work, and the frenzy at last became a steady constant habit, almost the labor of life to her.

One day in October, the inhabitants of the village of Charlestown, N. H., were startled into the wildest excitement, by seeing a nearly naked, emaciated woman, with hair streaming upon her shoulders, walk with bewildered gaze along their streets. She told them she was Robert Harris's wife, and she was lost.

Robert Harris's wife, who disappeared from the opposite side of the river in April, exclaimed the villagers, "How had she crossed the Connecticut? Where has she been all this time? But she told them she had never crossed the Connecticut. And she had been lost in the woods all this time. There was no lack of hospitality; she was welcomed immediately and fed and cared for to the utmost. Volunteers went at once and brought her husband, for the story of his bereavement was well known on the Charlestown side of the river. We can only imagine the meeting and what tears were shed at the thought of the little forsaken grave by the uprooted trees. But it is said joybells were rung in the village, and the poor woman, a living skeleton, was nursed and petted—everybody vying with her neighbor to lavish every good thing upon her, until her weakened mind recovered its tone again. As she constantly asserted she had never crossed the river, it is supposed she wandered into Canada and going round the Connecticut at its source, or crossing where it was a brooklet, passed down on the New Hampshire side, till she reached a location just opposite where she started.

When she began to grow strong again her mind recurred constantly to the grave in the wilderness. She described to her husband its surroundings, and he went out to look for it, but without success. As soon as she was able she went out with her husband and other friends to search, but baby's grave was never found. It was thought very strange that she, in all her wanderings, never met a roving Indian, but so it was. The Indian tribes had, perhaps, mostly disappeared from New England since the French and Indian war, but she thought that may be, the first human being she met after the burial of her infant, strange as it may seem, was in Charlestown. This singular legend has descended to the writer from a descendant of hers, who was the third child born in the town of Rockingham, Vt., and the story is an undoubted fact.

Gen Grant has recommended the remission of the remainder of the sentences and the release from imprisonment of all persons now in confinement under sentence of Military Commissions, organized under the reconstruction acts of Congress in States where said acts have ceased to be operative.

In Peoria, Ill., the other day, a gentleman fell asleep while enjoying the luxury of a sulphur bath. He remained there two hours and a half, when the keeper of the establishment, fearing something wrong, broke the door open and found him quietly snoozing, his nose just out of the water, his head apparently having been slowly slipping down into the tub.

SINGULAR & DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—On Friday afternoon Miss Anne Batchelder, a miss of about thirteen years of age, daughter of the late J. Q. A. Batchelder of Roxford, was assisting her brother in pitching a load of hay on the cart. Having finished, she threw the hay fork over the side of the wagon. The fork, instead of falling stood upright against the cart, and when she immediately afterwards slid off the load, she descended with all her weight upon the tines of the fork, which entered her bowels, and inflicted what it is feared will prove a fatal wound.

Mr. Burdington and the Chinese Embassy are to be in Boston on the 20th.

THE KENTUCKY ELECTION.—Returns from every town in Kentucky show large Democratic gains and a decrease in the Republican vote. Gov. Stevenson's majority will reach, it is stated, seventy thousand.

CHIEF EXAMINER.—The President has appointed the Hon. Benjamin F. James, of Illinois, heretofore one of the principal examiners in the Patent Office to be examiner-in-chief in place of the Hon. Eliza Foote, appointed Commissioner of Patents.

UNJUST ATTACK.—In the course of a recent speech at Leavenworth, General Blair made the following attack upon some gentlemen with whom he has recently been very intimately connected:

"The secret of the adherence of General Grant, Sheridan, and other regular officers to the Radical party, is the tendency of that party, which has overthrown the prerogatives of the Supreme Court and Executive branch of the Government toward military despotism; which, being necessarily based upon military power, would give consequence to prominent officers of the army."

To which the New York Sun well says:

"This is exceedingly unjust to men whose patriotism, fidelity to duty, and purity of motive can well bear comparison with the highest qualities that have ever been attributed to Gen. Blair. Such officers as W. T. Sherman, Philip H. Sheridan, George H. Thomas, Geo. G. Meade, and hundreds of others of lower rank, but equally honorable fame, do not engage their political convictions for their personal interests, still less by a latent love of military despotism. They are men of deep convictions, as they have proved by resisting the most brilliant and powerful temptations that the rebellion could offer. Gen. Blair's remark is a gratuitous insult to those who were lately his comrades; and although it is not his habit to retract his impudent and wrong utterances, he ought in this case to make an exception to his rule, in the form of the most ample apology which it is in his power to frame."

Some years ago for a short time we resided in Milton, and we yesterday took a tour through a portion of the town to make a note of the improvements and renew our acquaintance with individuals and scenes once familiar.

Vermont Daily Transcript.

ST. ALBANS, VT.:

SATURDAY AUGUST 8, 1868.

Milton.

Some years ago for a short time we resided in Milton, and we yesterday took a tour through a portion of the town to make a note of the improvements and renew our acquaintance with individuals and scenes once familiar.

With the rapid but healthful growth of the village known as Milton Falls, all travelers by rail or otherwise are familiar, and of this it is not our purpose to write; but passing down Leather Lane and up Chimlet Hill onto the plain south from the Falls the first thing that meets the wandering view of the returned wanderer is a corn-field of eighty-three acres, where fifteen years ago was an unbroken forest. Joseph Clark, Esq., the then owner, has removed the forest and sold the land, consisting of several hundred acres, to Eli Barnum, Esq., who has converted it into "smiling fields of waving grain." Unfortunately Mr. Barnum was away and we were unable to obtain such items of statistical information as we desired. Knowing something of the zeal and persistent energy with which he conducts all his affairs we were not disappointed in seeing everything thoroughly well done, not only with reference to the present gain from his farm, but with equal deference to its permanent fertility. It is our opinion, however, that if he had used southern or western feed for his five or six acres of fodder corn he would have realized a greater profit from it and perhaps have entertained a more favorable opinion of the project, although we do not hear that he is dissatisfied with the result of his experiment with the northern seed.

Mr. Barnum has quite a dairy, if we recollect aright 45 cows, and has recently in company with three others of the progressive farmers of Milton introduced a very valuable herd of Ayrshires. We have a very considerable acquaintance with the best herds of Ayrshires in this country, and we do not recollect having seen better anywhere. Of the three years old bull Hero we probably cannot say more in commendation than that he has been kept for three years as the only stock getter of that very popular firm Messrs. J. P. and T. A. Dawes, of Lachine, P. Q., and they consented to part with him only because of his relationship to several of the best members of their herd, and their having imported directly from Scotland a successor. Of the other individuals of the herd Mr. B. has a cow and three calves, Mr. A. a cow, Mr. C. a cow and a calf, Mr. Charles Osgood a cow and a two years old bull, and M. Joseph B. Robinson a cow. Though thus distributed we understand the ownership is still joint. For the cow "Whitey" kept at Mr. Herrieks they were recently offered a certain bank dividend amounting to five hundred and twenty-eight dollars, which was not deemed a sufficient consideration to induce them to part with her.

Of these animals it should be remarked that although possessed of all the peculiar characteristics of the breed they are not in points of size or in any other particular one whit behind the best of other breeds kept in this section of the country. That they are as large as the best breeds of the West is not claimed of them. They have been bred with reference to their milking qualities, but how the prevailing fallacy in regard to their size has obtained is a mystery.

There are three cheese factories in town, one half a mile south-east from the depot, one three miles south in the Mars neighborhood, and one at "the River" or West Milton. They are all fitted up in the best manner with the best apparatus, and have thus far met the expectations of their projectors, though as this is the first season the experiment cannot be said to be sufficiently perfected to give absolute results. They have the milk of about two hundred cows each. The best arrangement for feeding hogs that we have ever seen is in use there, but saw no really fine hogs, though there are some heavy ones.

We believe that there is as much improvement to be made in the swine as in the cattle or Milton. We could not but deplore the waste, particularly around the cheese factory hog pens of matter that might, at a slight expense, be made available for fertilizing the sandy lands of which there is a very large proportion all through the town. If instead of enduring the stench or attempting to stifle it by use of costly deodorizers they would use for absorbents the marsh mud and muck of which there are inexhaustible supplies near by, both results would be secured at a profit instead of an unremunerated expense.

The crops are generally good, though grass and wheat on the sandy lands have been injured slightly by the drought.

Corn looks well, and there is a large area devoted to it. Mr. Barnum has in the aggregate over 120 acres. Very little corn is planted without manure in the hill, and plaster and ashes both in the hill and on the top after it comes up. The farmers of Milton have a live-

ly recollection of the time when they bought pure Nova Scotia plaster ground at "the River" and they appreciate the establishment at Malletts Bay, which is turning out a pure article again. Fruit is almost a failure. Mr. J. B. Robinson has a fine pear orchard with a fair quantity of fruit, but nearly every pear is imperfect and quite worthless.

O. S. B.

Notice

ALL Persons indebted to Smith & Foster would do well to call and settle their accounts before the 1st day of September 1868. Owing to a change that is to be made in the firm of that time, the settlement of accounts now due would save costs and trouble if paid before that date.

Respectfully,
SMITH & FOSTER.

July 31, 1868.
P. S.—For the next thirty days Goods will be sold without regard to cost. Call and satisfy yourselves.
SMITH & FOSTER. 1nd

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co., OF HARTFORD, CONN.

A favorable opportunity is presented to energetic and reliable business men who can devote their entire time to the business, to represent this old, staunch, and most successful Life Company, in unoccupied territory in the State of Vermont. The many popular features peculiar to the Phoenix Mutual, and the great advantages it offers to the insuring public—its freedom from restrictions on travel and occupation, its non-forfeitable policies, its liberal premium system—the economy of the management, and its large annual dividends, render it the most profitable Company to Agents desirous of realizing a handsome competency by their enterprise and energy. Apply to
C. L. HAYDOCK,
State Agent Phoenix Mutual Life Ins. Co., 46-47 Union Block, Rutland, Vt.

Information.
Information guaranteed to produce a luxuriant growth of hair upon a bald head, or a beardless face, also a recipe for the removal of pimples, blotches, eruptions, etc., on the skin, leaving the same soft, clear, and beautiful, can be obtained without charge by addressing
THOMAS F. CHAPMAN, Chemist,
66-67 823 Broadway, New York.

HAT AND CAP STORE,
SOUTH MAIN STREET

The undersigned keeps constantly on hand a full supply of

HATS, CAPS, FURS,
GLOVES AND MITTENS,
UMBRELLAS,
GENTS' COLLARS.

And an assortment of Gent's Furnishing goods in his line of trade equal to any in style and excellence of goods, and at reasonable prices. He has every thing in the hat line, from common straw to the last style of silk hat, and can suit all.

G. B. SMITH,
St. Albans, Vt. May 12, 1868. 1-d-4

HILL & SAFFORD, Attorneys at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery, Office, Lake Street St. Albans Vt.
M. J. Hill, G. A. Safford.

CLOTHING, Clothing for Spring at WM. N. SMITH & CO'S.

ADDRESS TO THE NERVOUS AND DEBILITATED. Those sufferings have been protracted from hidden causes, and whose cases require prompt treatment to render existence desirable: If you are suffering or have suffered, from involuntary discharges, what effect does it produce upon your general health? Do you feel weak, debilitated, easily tired? Does a little extra exertion produce palpitation of the heart? Does your liver, or urinary organs, or your kidneys, frequently get out of order? Is your mind sometimes thick, bulky, or drowsy, or is it rapt on setting? Or does a thick scum rise on the top? Or is a sediment at the bottom after it has stood awhile? Do you have spells of short breathing or dyspnea? Are your bowels constipated? Do you have spells of fainting, or rushes of blood to the head? Is your memory impaired? Is your mind constantly dwelling upon this subject? Do you feel dull, listless, mooping, tired of company, of life? Do you wish to be left alone, to get away from everybody? Does any little thing make you start or jump? Is your sleep broken or restless? Is the lustre of your eye as brilliant? The bloom on your cheek as bright? Do you enjoy yourself in society as well? Do you pursue your business with the same energy? Do you feel as much confidence in yourself? Are your spirits dull and flagging, given to fits of melancholy? If so do not lay it to your liver or dyspepsia. Have your restless nights? Your back weak, your knees weak, and have but little appetite, and you attribute this to dyspepsia or liver complaint?

Now, reader, self abuse, venereal diseases badly cured, and sexual excesses, are all capable of producing a weakness of the generative organs. The organs of generation, when in perfect health, make the man. Did you ever think that those bold, defiant, energetic, persevering, successful business men are always those whose generative organs are in perfect health? You never hear such men complain of being uncleanly, or of nervous debility, or of any kind of disease. They are never afraid they cannot succeed in business; they do not become sad and discouraged; they are always polite and pleasant in the company of ladies, and look you and their right in the face—none of your downcast looks or any other meanings about them. I do not mean those inflated by running to excess. These will not only ruin their constitutions, but also those they do business with or for.

How many men, from badly cured diseases, from the effects of self abuse and excesses, have brought about that state of weakness in those organs that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease—dyspepsia, indigestion, paralysis, spinal affections, such as almost every other form of disease, which humanity is heir to, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever suspected, and have doctored for all but the right one.

Diseases of these organs require the use of a specific. **HELMHOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU** is the great Director, and is a certain cure for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsy, Organic Weakness, Female Complaints, General Debility, and all diseases of the Urinary Organs, whether existing in Male or Female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing.

If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or insanity may ensue. Our flesh and blood are supported from these sources, and the health and appearance, and that of posterity, depends upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu, established upwards of 18 years, prepared by H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist, 594 New York, and 104 South 10th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price—\$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$6.50, delivered to any address. Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

None are Genuine unless done up in steel engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed
H. T. HELMBOLD.

Wanted, Agents for the FARMER'S HORSE BOOK,

By Robert Stewart, V. S., 200 pages, 70 fine Engravings. The most popular and useful work of the kind ever published. Now selling 2000 copies per month, and giving entire satisfaction. We have hundreds of certificates from horse owners, stating that by it they have cured almost every disease; among them are named Glanders, Colic, Fistula, Scratches, Diseases of the Eye, Scavins, Swiney, Big Head, Distemper, Strains, Pole Evil, Ring Bone, Farcy, Staggers, Inflammation, Cracked Hoof, Lock Jaw, Greasy Head, Lung Fever, and others. Prices very low. Send for circulars and prospectus at above. Address ZEIGLER McCURDY & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

DEWEY, NOBLE & CO'S

INSURANCE

AGENCY.

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.

CAPITAL AND SURP. U.S. \$1,833,343.39.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$3,033,896.78.

HARTFORD FIRE INS. COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$2,000,000.00.

INS. COMPANY NORTH AMERICA OF PHILADELPHIA.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$2,000,000.00.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$1,500,000.00.

SECURITY INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$1,177,777.12.

LORILLARD FIRE INS. COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$1,500,000.00.

NORTH AMERICAN FIRE IN. CO. OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$750,000.00.

CORN EXCHANGE INS. COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$550,000.00.

NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO. OF HARTFORD, CONN.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$500,000.10.

ROGER WILLIAMS INS. COMPY OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$201,358.81.

GLENS FALLS INSURANCE CO. OF GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$218,329.18.

Fire and Marine Insurance effected at this Agency in any of the above well known Companies.

Life Insurance.
THE MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO. OF NEW YORK.

The Oldest and Largest Mutual Insurance Company in the United States.

CAPITAL AND ASSETS, \$25,000,000.00.

Life and Accident Insurance
Either separately or combined, at the lowest rates of Premium in the

TRAVELLER'S INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD, CONN.

CAPITAL AND ASSETS, \$1,000,000.00.

All losses promptly attended to and settled at this Agency. Large Security, Fair Profits, and Prompt Payment.

Insurance to any amount effected on the most satisfactory terms.

DEWEY, NOBLE & CO. Office corner Lake and Main St., St. Albans, Vt. May 2, 1868.

NEW LADIES STORE

Opposite Store of Saxe & Place in building formerly occupied by S. S. & J. A. DeLard. Ladies will find here a complete and choice assortment of Fancy Dry goods just received from market, such as

Laces,
Fringes all colors.
Edgings.
Insertions.
Muslins.
Lawn.
Collars, Cuffs
Veils.
Fans, a rich lot.

Valencienes and Thread Lace Collars.

A nice line of French Cambrics and Fancy Lawns. A new Kid Glove which surpasses any thing yet brought into this market, and warranted. Ladies will find it to their advantage to call and examine for themselves. Dress and Cloak making in all its varieties under the skillful supervision of Miss Ellen Moore, long and favorably known to the inhabitants of this village and vicinity. Agent for WILCOX & GIBBS Sewing Machines 1-d-5

THE ST. ALBANS BRIGADE BAND

Are prepared to furnish music for

FIREMEN and MILITARY PARADES, PICNICS, EXCURSIONS, DANCES

And on other occasions where Band and String Music is required.

Orders addressed to

GEORGE E. KINSLEY, or to

W. H. SMITH.

At the Tremont House, will receive prompt attention. 44-4

M'GOWAN & BROWN

SADDLERY, CARRIAGE,

AND

BUILDING HARDWARE

We have the largest and best assorted stock of goods of every description, in the above line, to be found in the State. As agents for the large Belting Factories, we keep a supply of

LEATHER BELTING

Of all sizes on hand. We offer a full and complete assortment of

Carriage and Harness Makers' Supplies

And are constantly receiving consignments of superior article of Oak and Hemlock Harnes Leather, Patent Collar and Russet, Grain and Split Skirting and Winkler. Hard and soft Dressed Embraced Oil Top and

GRAIN BOOT LEATHER

Also

CARPETING AND OIL CLOTH,

Which we offer at a low cash figure.

M'GOWAN & BROWN, J. FROTHINGHAM M'GOWAN, St. Albans, Vt. GEORGE W. BROWN. 41-4

VICTOR ATWOOD,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

IRON, STEEL, GLASS, NAILS, OIL, PAINTS,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT

SEEDS, MECHANICS TOOLS, SHELF HARDWARE AND CARRIAGE MAKERS' STOCK.

BARNES' BLOCK, LAKE ST.

St. Albans, May 14, 1868. 43-4

BARRETT'S HAIR RESTORATIVE

OVER ALL COMPETITORS

HAIR RESTORATIVE

Was decided by the S. H. State Fair and is now conceded by the public to be the very best Preparation for restoring Gray or Bald Hair to its original color, promoting its growth, exfoliating the scalp, and beautifying the Hair. It is free from poisonous drugs, does not stain the most delicate skin, and leaves the scalp clean, the Hair rich, and the scalp healthy.

THE ONLY PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED

Every Bottle

J. R. BARRETT & CO., Proprietors, MANCHESTER, N. H.

Sold by all Druggists.

ASAHEL S. HYDE,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

First Class Groceries!

DARROW BLOCK, ST. ALBANS, VT.